witcht with the rogues company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, Ile be hangd: it could not be else. I have drunk medicines: *Poynes*, *Hall*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile starve ere Ile rob a foot further: and twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth: eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough; a plague upon it, when theeves cannot be true one to another. *They whistle.*
Whew, a plague upon you all, give me my horse, you rogues, Give me my horse, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can hear the tread of Travellers.

Fals. Have you any leavers to lift me up again being down? Z loud, Ile not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fals. I prethee good Prince *Hall*, help me to my horse, Good Kings sonne.

Prin. Out you rogue: shall I be your ostler?

Fals. Go hang thy selfin thine own heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I have not ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poyson: when jest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I do against my will.

Poin. O tis our setter, I know his voice; *Bardol*, what news?

Bar. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings coming down the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fals. You lie, you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fals. To be hanged.

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow lane. *Ned Poynes* and I will walk lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fals. Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir *Iohn Pawnch*?

Fals. Indeed I am not *Iohn* of *Gant* your Granfather, but yet no coward, *Hal.*

Prin. Well, weele leave that to the proof.

Poy. Sirra *Iack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him, fare well, and stand fast.

Fals. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

Prin. *Ned*, where are our disguises?

Poy. Here hard by: stand close.

Fals. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say, every man to his businesse.

Enter the Travellers.

Tra. Come, neighbour, the boy shall lead our horses down the hill, weele walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Theeves. Stay. *Tra.* Jesus blesse us.

Fals. Strike, down with them, cut the villains throats: a horson caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaves, they hate us, youth, down with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fals. Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? no, ye fat chuffes, I would your store were here: on Bacons, on, what ye knaves? yong men must live, you are grand jurors, are ye? weele jure you, yfaith.

Here they rob them and binde them. Enter the Prince, and Poynes.

Prince. The theeves have bound the true men: now, could thou and I rob the theeves, & go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a moneth, and a good jest for ever.

Poy. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter the theeves again.

Fals. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and *Poynes* be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring, there's no valour in that *Poynes*, than in a wilde duck.

Prince

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